Rome Spring 1821.

My dearest brother

Well how are you? — always I am not a lucky boy — I did not think that the good God above would never let me suffer for saving my poor friend — poor Keats — I cannot get him out of my head — never shall — out of my heart — never — I often drop a tear to his memory — Thank God I have perfectly recovered my health — for it had suffered — I am now better and stronger than ever I was — this place — the manner of living — every thing seems to agree with me — I am more equal to my studies than I was in England — I am really looking quite fat and fresh — with the exception of a hollow cough — which I manage about my food — I breakfast with a third friend here every Sunday at ½ past 9 — I dine at a Palace for every dinner is a Cabaret here — I at Lucchesi's — have a bottle of wine which costs 3 half pence — I have not tasted beer for it 4 months — this Wine is glorious compared with your nasty Beer — then at 6 I have 2 Cups of Coffee with a Buns — and never any supper — I don't know how it is but the example of poor Keats has made me take great care of myself — I never take any Physic — for I never want any — I walk 3 hours every day — paint 3 hours — and read & study. Haydon —— Have you seen my dear Mother and can you tell me about my coming home? — if you can it does not you will not or you have seen her back again — God only knows how I long to see her — he must have been dead and buried before Maria wrote — his case was a real consumption — his lungs were entirely destroyed — this is the most dreadful disorder in England — persons to all appearance in perfect health are most subject to it — sometimes whole families have died with the lungs which changes to consumption — I cannot write any more about my future prospects — I cannot bear to think of it — I must wait patiently for the time when

Mrs. and how does all us do — now you are a set of good creatures to send me all your writings — O. what a many times I went down to Post Office for the Letter — My dear Sarah will be happy to know that I have got a very good home — a most beautiful Study — and every thing for my Painting in plenty — I don't think I shall ever require my Books to be sent here — but state for my sake she will be take care of them — Why did not my dear sister Charlotte write me a line — remember there is a thousand miles between us — I can only have your writing — good and amiable Charlotte accept my love and my prayers for your happiness — may you always have your nice little Cottage your nice little Garden — health — and your little ones never cry — remember me to Giles — tell him that England is the only place in the world for a young man to thrive in — And my good hearted laughing Maria — you are a good Girl to write me so many particulars I will reward you for it — I have cried them over and over with such satisfaction — and them with all your pictures I am quite at home — by the bye I am very proud of that picture — every one sees it — I showed it to Lord Colchester — a Gentleman at the Dinner I was speaking of said — Now we will drink to our friends on the other side the Alps — he said Mr. Severn will drink it — I know by the picture he showed me — these Italians too are quite delighted with its — I am prouder of it than my prose pictures — don't you cry or fret about me — for the hand of God protects me — I am sure of it — — My jolly Brother Tom — I see you are in the right way I — shall be more proud of you than myself — God bless and prosper your Oyars and Fiddle sticks — And last comes the good boy Charles I see you are determined to do honor to the name of Severn — go on — perhaps — never let it be absent from your thoughts — you must not let the Fiddle away my boy — O! you have made my heart glad — We have three such sons — that our Father shall be young all the rest days — we will be a Trio to his honor — for he has given us more than us by himself — Honor — Humanity — and Industry — Yes — " — but as he has done — I can't let his soul in my pencil